

OFF GOES HIS HEAD

Ravachol the Anarchist Soon to Be Guillotined.

HIS FIRST ARREST AND ESCAPE

The Murder for Which He Must Suffer Death—The Story of His Infamous Career.

PARIS, July 9.—The next person to suffer death at the hands of the public executioner of France is Ravachol, the anarchist, who will pay the penalty of his mad crime between now and August 1.

Before reverting to the details of the crime of which he stands accused, and



THE WOMAN HILLIERS.

describing the almost ludicrous circumstances of his escape from his captors when he was originally arrested for it, I will touch upon the facts relating to Ravachol's recent removal from Paris to St. Etienne and the conditions under which he is at present incarcerated at that place. The news of his intended removal to St. Etienne was kept strictly secret and even the director of the prison of the Conciergerie, where he was confined in Paris, was not notified of the intention to remove the prisoner until about an hour prior to the commencement of the journey. He was placed in a special carriage designed for such purposes and driven to the depot in charge of three wardens of the Conciergerie prison. The hour chosen was about 10:30 p. m., and the party took their seats in a train upon which a detachment of marine infantry were being conveyed to Toulon en route to Tonquin. At Chateaufort the cellular prison car was detached from the train and switched off to Bellevue, a station in the vicinity of St. Etienne, reaching there about 4 a. m. Ravachol had up to this time preserved a stolidly tranquil countenance, but while descending the steps leading to the waiting-room, finding himself confronted by a crowd of curious sight-seers—for the news of his arrival had in some way leaked out—he cried in a loud, strong voice: "Vive la revolution sociale!" Proceeding onward to the steps he cried: "I am not yet dead!" When getting into the prison van he muttered: "The prospect of death does not frighten me!"

The prison itself is only 300 or 400 meters from the Bellevue depot, and before its immense iron door a guard of soldiers was posted, while several mounted gendarmes kept back the crowd of citizens who had assembled to look on. The architectural arrangements of this prison are such that it would be impossible for anyone to penetrate to the interior without being seen and stopped, and in the first of the series of interior courts a company of soldiers was under arms. The cell in which Ravachol is confined at this place is a special one, and he is kept under the perpetual surveillance of two wardens, who will never leave him until he is sent to court at Montbrison for trial. The career of Ravachol, while it unquestionably presents many striking features of dramatic interest, is not without its ludicrous side and is only another instance of the truth that there is nothing in life, no matter how dark or tragic its aspect, which is not capable, in some of its phases, of a humorous interpretation. The ghastly crime of which Ravachol is believed to be the perpetrator has a strangely contrasting sequel in the ridiculous manner of his escape after his first arrest. The affair suggests a comparison with the elusive actions of Bunco King



ARRIVAL OF RAVACHOL AT MONTBRISON.

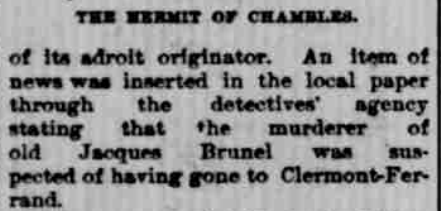
O'Brien, who so lately outwitted the Havre police. Circumstances, too, sometimes favor the criminal in a strange enough manner. In the present instance the famous self-confidence and bombastic conceit of a rustic magnate was the malign influence which operated in favor of a temporary frustration of justice.

Three days after the discovery of the murder of Jacques Brunel—the man Ravachol is accused of having killed—at the commune of Chambles, in the suburbs of St. Etienne, M. Benad, the chief of the detective force at the latter place, made an important discovery. The murder occurred upon June 21, 1891, and on June 25 M. Benad, who had been carefully following up the case in his official capacity, luckily dropped upon a hack driver about a dozen kilometers from St. Etienne, who told him that upon the evening of the 21st inst. he had driven to the foot of the hill at Chambles a man and a woman, who, leaving the hack after giving the driver instructions to wait, returned after the lapse of about an hour, bringing with them a yellow leather, evidently very heavy, for the man appeared to have considerable difficulty in carrying it. This, it should be

said, was the same value which afterward figured in the explosion in the Rue Clichy. On reaching the toll gate of St. Etienne, the couple declared that the value contained old iron, upon which they were allowed to pass without further formality. Near the mountain Villebœuf-Haut they got out of the vehicle, reached and all, and M. Benad made inquiries at Villebœuf le Haut, and easily discovered the house in which the mysterious strangers had taken up their abode. They had, however, given no names to the landlord, who was, therefore, unable to afford any clue in that direction. But he was in a position to supply incalculably valuable information in another. For he told M. Benad that his lodgers were constantly receiving visits from a number of persons whom he accurately and minutely described, and from these descriptions the chief of detectives satisfied himself that he was on the track of none other than the noted anarchist, Koenigstein-Ravachol, and his accomplice, the woman Hilliers.

It was further elicited from the hack driver that a few days after the crime at Chambles he had been called on by an individual whose demeanor had excited his suspicion. This man, the hack driver plainly perceived, was in a condition of disquiet, even to the extent of wearing a false beard. He asked the driver if he were not the same who drove a man and a woman recently to Chambles, but the driver's suspicions were aroused and he replied evasively. Then the stranger requested him to drive him to Saint-Just-Sur-Doire, a distance of some ten miles. Believing, however, with considerable reason, that everything was not right, the driver refused the offer.

This much, then, had been discovered by M. Benad, and it did not take him long to add two and two together. He speedily formed a plan for the capture of the redoubtable anarchist, for he was convinced that he knew his man, having made the most careful comparisons of the evidence obtained with official data in his own possession. The well-devised plan adopted by M. Benad for the apprehension of the man he believed to be Ravachol was unfortunately destined to "gang aglee," and accomplish but half of its purpose, and that, too, through no fault



THE HERMIT OF CHAMBLE.

of its adroit originator. An item of news was inserted in the local paper through the "detectives' agency" stating that the "murderer" of old Jacques Brunel was suspected of having gone to Clermont-Ferrand.

This ruse completely deceived Ravachol, now in hiding among the haunts of his brother anarchists, and he stupidly fell into the trap which had been laid for him. M. Benad posted three detectives in the house where he had located the room occupied by Ravachol. If these three officers had not been subsequently disconnected by the stupid interference of a certain commissary of police, they would without question have carried the whole plan of capture to a successful conclusion.

The marplot in the case was one M. Teyehene, commissary of the twelfth arrondissement of the district which comprises the Villebœuf quarter, who, in his excess of wisdom, decided that the detectives were too clever by half, and that he himself was the fit and proper person to reap the credit and glory of the capture. This pompous thick-skulled personage is an almost perfect type of the traditional Joseph Fruchon—an ideal representative of the French bucolic bourgeois official, puffed up by a preposterously inflated notion of his own importance and intelligence. He therefore installed himself with his own sub-ordinate in the house where Ravachol had hired a room, and there were three persons in all awaiting the anarchist's arrival.

Very shortly after the detectives had gotten into ambush Ravachol made his appearance, and the instant he attempted to enter his room the landlord gave the signal and joined the police in the attack. One of Benad's men seized the anarchist, while the others formed a circle around him and endeavored to pin him in iron. They were met, however, by a stubborn resistance on the prisoner's part, and one of the detectives, getting wearied, essayed to overcome the intractable criminal by resorting to violent methods. At this point M. Teyehene, swelling like a bullfinch with official dignity and grandeur, struck a dramatic attitude, and, smiting his breast in a ponderous solemn manner, exclaimed: "Do no violence in the presence of the law's majesty!" The result was that the detectives all along the road had to contend as best they could against the fierce struggles of the prisoner, narrowly avoiding the infliction of serious injury to their persons from the ferocious kicks and lunges Ravachol continued to make at them.

ning perception, took advantage of their momentary distraction, and forthwith landed a violent kick below the belt upon the policeman whose hold had relaxed the least, butted another in the chest, and thus succeeded in breaking loose and disappearing in the darkness. Immediately a hot pursuit was begun, but, despite all efforts, no trace of the fugitive could be found. The gloom of the night, the complexity of the intersecting streets, and the irregular nature of the ground—everything favored Ravachol. At length, and when the pursuing detectives arrived at the intersection of four cross-roads, they found themselves completely baffled. The search, notwithstanding, was kept up diligently all through the night. At dawn the entire party held a council of war, when some of the detectives who had resorted to the cholla's refuge could be found. The report that they had discovered nothing, and the pursuit was then finally abandoned, much to the chagrin of everyone.

The circumstantial evidence in the possession of the prosecution, and which fixes the guilt of the murder of the old recluse, Jacob Brunel, is believed to be conclusive. Brunel had for years dwelt in solitude in a picturesque cabin which he had erected upon the ruins of the college established and once presided over by the great Massillon. His habits were peculiar and solitary, gaining for him among the villagers of Chambles the title of the Hermit of Notre-Dame-de-Grâce. The commune of Chambles is composed of a number of poor cabins and lies in the gorge of Perez, near the hamlet of Notre-Dame-de-Grâce, in a depression of the mountain. The retired life and secluded habits of the old hermit, who dressed invariably in a clerical sash and wore no shoes, rendered him an easy prey to the murderous rapacity of his assassin. The object of the murder was unquestionably plunder, as old Brunel was known to have possessed a quantity of money, estimated to amount to 30,000 francs. This sum was supposed to have been concealed somewhere about his dwelling, and Ravachol, learning of this, decided to kill him. In the commission of the deed he was aided by his mistress, Hilliers, and it is surmised by at least one other confederate. Shortly after the date upon which, as ascertained by M. Benad, the detective chief, the strange man and woman were driven to Chambles in the vehicle belonging to the hackman from Vignaron, the corpse of the old hermit was found under conditions which showed that he had been assassinated.

Ravachol is further suspected of the double murder of two women named Marcon, who resided in the Rue de Roanne at St. Etienne, and he is also believed to be the man who violated the mausoleum of Baron de la Roche-tailles for the purpose of abstracting the jewels which had been interred with the body. Probably he will not be formally indicted for the murder of the Marcon women, as it is understood that the government considers his arraignment for the Chambles affair sufficient to insure his conviction and subsequent sentence to the guillotine, upon which instrument so many other monsters in human shape have expired their crimes against society. V. GRIMAYDOFF.

The Work of the Oculist.
It is impossible to imagine a disaster more appalling for an artist than the loss of his eyesight. Many of such misfortunes are annually to be found in the lists of benefactions published by the two admirable art charities which are now holding their yearly festivals. Of course, in those cases where the optic nerve has perished recovery is hopeless; but cataract often yields to the surgeon's knife. I was much struck some time since at seeing hung around the consulting room of one of the most eminent oculists in London a number of drawings painted by artists, chiefly amateur, who had executed them after being rescued by the doctor from their night of blindness. Looking round on these striking but sad evidence of his skill, my attention was particularly drawn to one which appeared to be a copy, and a very good one, too, of a picture by Wheatley, the Academician. "After Wheatley?" I asked. "No," replied the surgeon quickly, "after cataract."—London Graphic.

Sheet Lead in China.
One would think that, where so much sheet lead is made use of as in China, there would be machinery employed in its production; but such is not the case, and every sheet is made by hand in the most primitive fashion. A large brick is provided the size of the sheet of lead to be made, and this brick is covered with two or three sheets of paper. On this paper the molten lead is poured, and another brick is placed on top, which flattens the lead to the required size and thickness. The workmen are very expert and turn out a vast number of sheets in the course of a day, and, where labor is so cheap, at a price much less than it could be made by machinery.—Boston Herald.

BANDY-LEGGED TURKS.
Caused by Too Much Squatting on the Ground.
A pleasant side of Turkish girl life is that which may be seen any day at the Sweet Waters of Europe or some other favorite resort on the outskirts of Constantinople. The family will set out in the morning, and, spreading their rugs in some field, spend the day there doing nothing and apparently very contented with the occupation. The women squat on the ground with their feet under them in that peculiar manner to which they are indebted for their bandy legs. It is not romantic, but truth compels London figures to state that all Turkish girls ultimately become bandy-legged; the fine, well-made women one occasionally meets in Stamboul are mostly Circassians. A few cakes and some sweets suffice for both young and old. A stranger is invariably struck with the prematurely serious air which Turkish children wear. The elder girls do not play and run in the manner that English people expect of healthy children. They sit or stroll about quietly and gravely, their yashmaks lowered and forming a snow-white framework which displays to advantage their complexion, as yet unspotted by paint or powder. On the approach of a man they will hastily draw over their yashmaks, not so close, however, that the stranger cannot admire their faces if he has a fancy for Turkish beauty, which, though in girls and young women sometimes very attractive, is too frequently of the half-bred Tartar type, lacking intelligence and refinement.

Nervous Debility.
Everyone who are in the least degree subject to nervousness, sleeplessness, prostration, mental fatigue or nervous debility in any form, find the hot water of June, July and August very hard to bear, if not dangerous. Nervous prostration is becoming more and more common every year, the symptoms of which are: Brown specks before the eyes, slight dizziness, roaring in the ears, attacks of nervous headache, palpitation of the heart, flashes of heat, followed by slight chilly sensations, faintness, depression, despondency, forebodings, foolish fears and many other similar ones. Anyone subject to any or all of these symptoms should take warning at once, as they indicate the approach of a disease very dangerous to the system and hard to cure.

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The State Bank of Michigan will open Saturday, July 9, at 6 p. m., for the inspection of the public and will also take in savings deposits. It will open for regular business Monday, July 11.

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